

SOULE • SUDZUKA • MILLA

# DAREDEVIL



#16

MARVEL

PANOSIAN



WHEN MATT MURDOCK WAS A KID, HE LOST HIS SIGHT IN AN ACCIDENT INVOLVING A TRUCK CARRYING RADIOACTIVE CHEMICALS. THOUGH HE COULD NO LONGER SEE, THE CHEMICALS HEIGHTENED MURDOCK'S OTHER SENSES AND IMBUED HIM WITH AN AMAZING 360-RADAR SENSE. NOW MATT USES HIS ABILITIES TO FIGHT FOR HIS CITY. HE IS THE *MAN WITHOUT FEAR*. HE IS...

# DAREDEVIL

RECENTLY, DAREDEVIL'S PROTÉGÉ BLINDSPOT TOOK ON THE CRIMINALLY INSANE MURDER ARTIST MUSE ON HIS OWN, ONLY TO HAVE HIS EYES GOUGED OUT IN THE FIGHT. WRACKED WITH GUILT, MATT TAKES OUT A MASSIVE HIT ON HIMSELF TO DRAW OUT ANY ACTIVE CONTRACT KILLERS. HOWEVER, MATT MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN MORE THAN HE BARGAINED FOR WHEN HIS OLD NEMESIS, BULLSEYE, SHOWS UP TO TAKE A SHOT AT HIM...

**CHARLES SOULE**  
WRITER

**GORAN SUDŽUKA**  
ARTIST

**MATT MILLA**  
COLOR ARTIST

VC's CLAYTON COWLES LETTERER  
DAN PANOSIAN COVER ARTIST

CHRIS ROBINSON ASST. EDITOR  
MARK BASSO ASSOC. EDITOR  
MARK PANICCIA EDITOR  
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF  
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER  
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER  
ALAN FINE EXEC. PRODUCER

© 2017 Marvel Characters, Inc. All rights reserved. All characters featured in this issue and the distinctive names and likenesses thereof, and all related indicia are trademarks of Marvel Characters, Inc. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. WWW.MARVEL.COM





HELL'S KITCHEN.  
DAY SIX.

Bullseye.

Radar sense tells me he's about 500 yards away. He's using a high-powered rifle-- I recognized the report when he fired the first time.

When he killed a man not two feet from me.

I don't use guns, but I know them. More than I'd like. The muzzle velocity of his weapon is around two thousand feet per second.

Once he fires, the bullet will shatter my skull in less than a moment.

My *skull*, because nothing less would satisfy him. Center mass is an easier shot, but it wouldn't give him much to brag about.

He'll hit his target.

Bullseye never misses.

I am Daredevil.

And I am not afraid.

The Seventh Day,  
Part 2



Why is that, exactly?

Bullseye--renowned spree-killing, murdering sociopath--has me in his sights. I'm still breathing, but I'm already dead.

Shouldn't I be afraid?

Am I some kind of idiot?

I *wanted* this. I put out a hit on myself, made sure the payoff was high enough to attract Bullseye's attention. The price had to be worth his talents.

His *talents*. The monster.

I did that because a young man is lying in a hospital bed missing his *eyes*. Sam Chung. *Blindspot*.

Sam wanted to follow my example. Wanted to do what I do. I let him. I knew it was a mistake, and I let him do it *anyway*.

He's *brilliant*. He invented his own *invisibility suit* out of salvaged scraps, for God's sake. He could do anything.

I should have pushed Blindspot away, *shoved* him towards any other life at all. And now his eyes are gone, because a *different* monster wanted them.

All of this was about trying to *help* him. Bullseye once created a sort of serum that can duplicate my powers.\*

If I can *get* it...well.

I can't give Sam his eyes back--but I can give him my enhanced senses. In time, he can--

No.

Now that I'm here, with that bullet on its way, it all just sounds...*thin*.

This isn't about Blindspot. Not really.



DAY TWO.

This is about  
the *priest*.  
Father Jordan.

SO, YOU  
WANTED TO  
TALK ABOUT EVIL.  
WHAT CAN I  
TELL YOU?

A LONG TIME  
AGO, SOMETHING  
TERRIBLE HAPPENED TO  
SOMEONE I LOVED.  
IT WASN'T AN  
ACCIDENT.

IT WAS  
PURPOSEFUL.



I'D BEEN  
A BELIEVER  
UP UNTIL THAT  
POINT.

BUT WHEN  
THAT HAPPENED...I DECIDED  
THAT EITHER GOD DIDN'T EXIST, OR  
HIS SENSE OF MORALITY WAS SO ALIEN  
THAT I WOULD NEVER BE ABLE TO  
UNDERSTAND IT.

EVER  
SINCE THEN...  
I'VE MADE MY  
OWN WAY.





I SEE, THAT'S A WONDERFUL SPEECH, AND YET HERE YOU ARE, TALKING TO A PRIEST.

WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO UNDERSTAND, SON? WHAT'S YOUR QUESTION?

IT... HAPPENED AGAIN. SOMEONE I CARE ABOUT... SOMEONE I'D TAKEN UNDER MY WING, SOMEONE I WAS TRYING TO HELP.

HE GOT HURT, AND THERE'S NO REASON IT SHOULD HAVE HAPPENED.

THIS MIGHT SOUND SIMPLE, JUVENILE, EVEN, AND I'VE HAD DIFFERENT ANSWERS TO IT AT DIFFERENT TIMES. IT CIRCLES THROUGH MY MIND.

SOMETIMES I JUST PUSH IT DOWN, BUT OTHER TIMES I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. IT'S LIKE A SIREN BLASTING INTO MY BRAIN.

WHAT IS THE PURPOSE OF EVIL? WHY DOES IT EXIST?

WHY ARE THERE **BEASTS** AMONG US?



MM. YOU'RE MAKING ME WORK FOR IT. I HOPE YOU'LL CONSIDER DROPPING A FEW BUCKS IN THE DONATION BOX.

I HAVE TO FRAME MY ANSWER IN A FAITH-BASED CONTEXT, BUT YOU ARE TALKING TO A PRIEST. YOU GET WHAT YOU PAY FOR.

IF YOU ACCEPT THE PREMISE THAT GOD CREATED EVERYTHING, THEN WE CAN KNOW EXACTLY TWO FACTS ABOUT HIM, NO MORE.



FIRST FACT: HE BUILT AN IMPERFECT WORLD. WE LIVE WITH WHAT YOU'RE CALLING EVIL--DEAD PUPPIES, NATURAL DISASTERS, THE BQE, TRAGEDY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.

HE COULD HAVE CREATED A PARADISE, AND INSTEAD HE GAVE US THIS.

SECOND FACT: HE CREATED US WITH THE CAPACITY TO **UNDERSTAND** THAT OUR WORLD ISN'T PERFECT.

HE MADE PEOPLE WHO COULD **SEE** A PERFECT WORLD, AND WANT IT, BUT KNOW THEY DON'T LIVE IN IT.

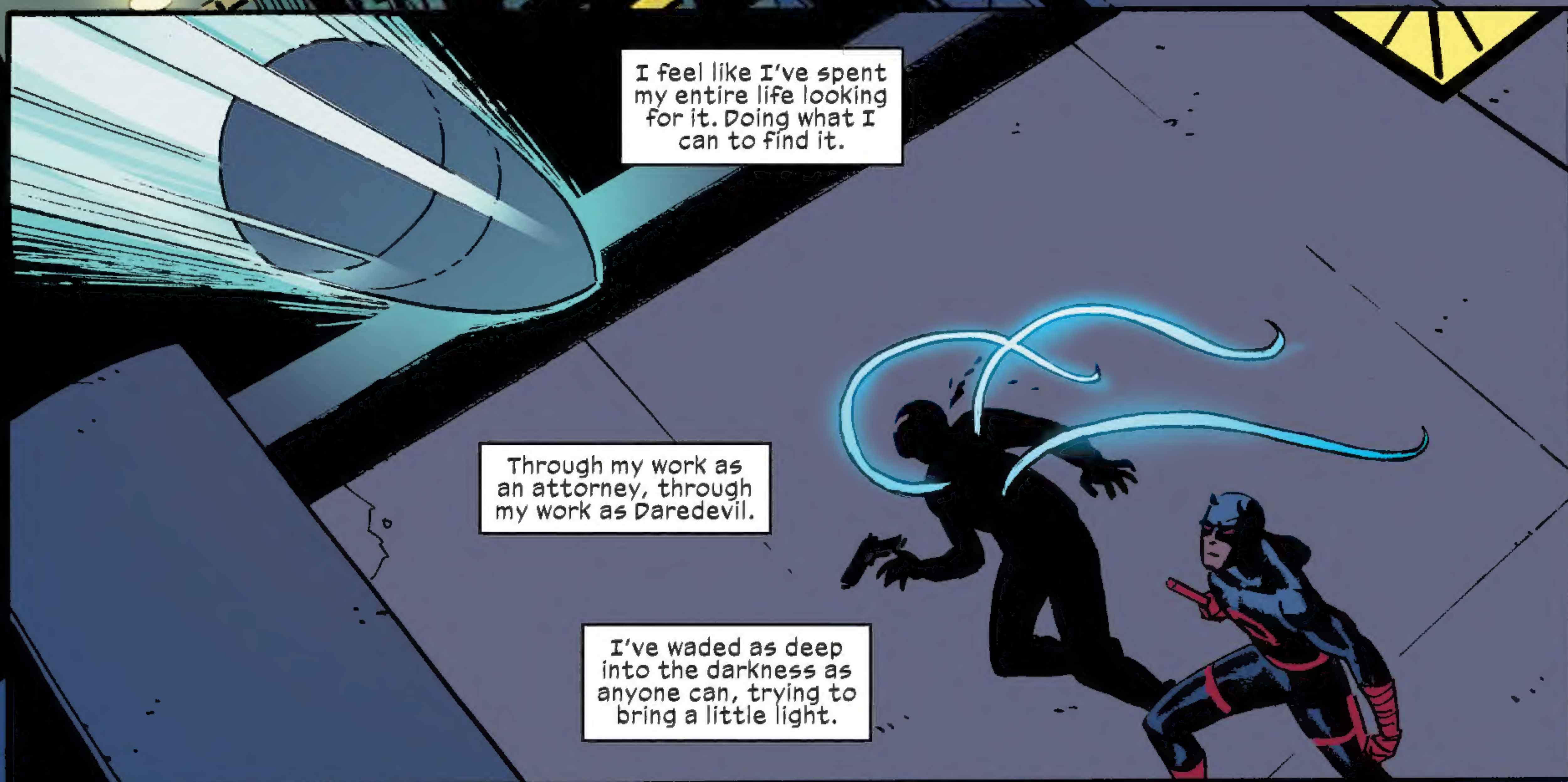








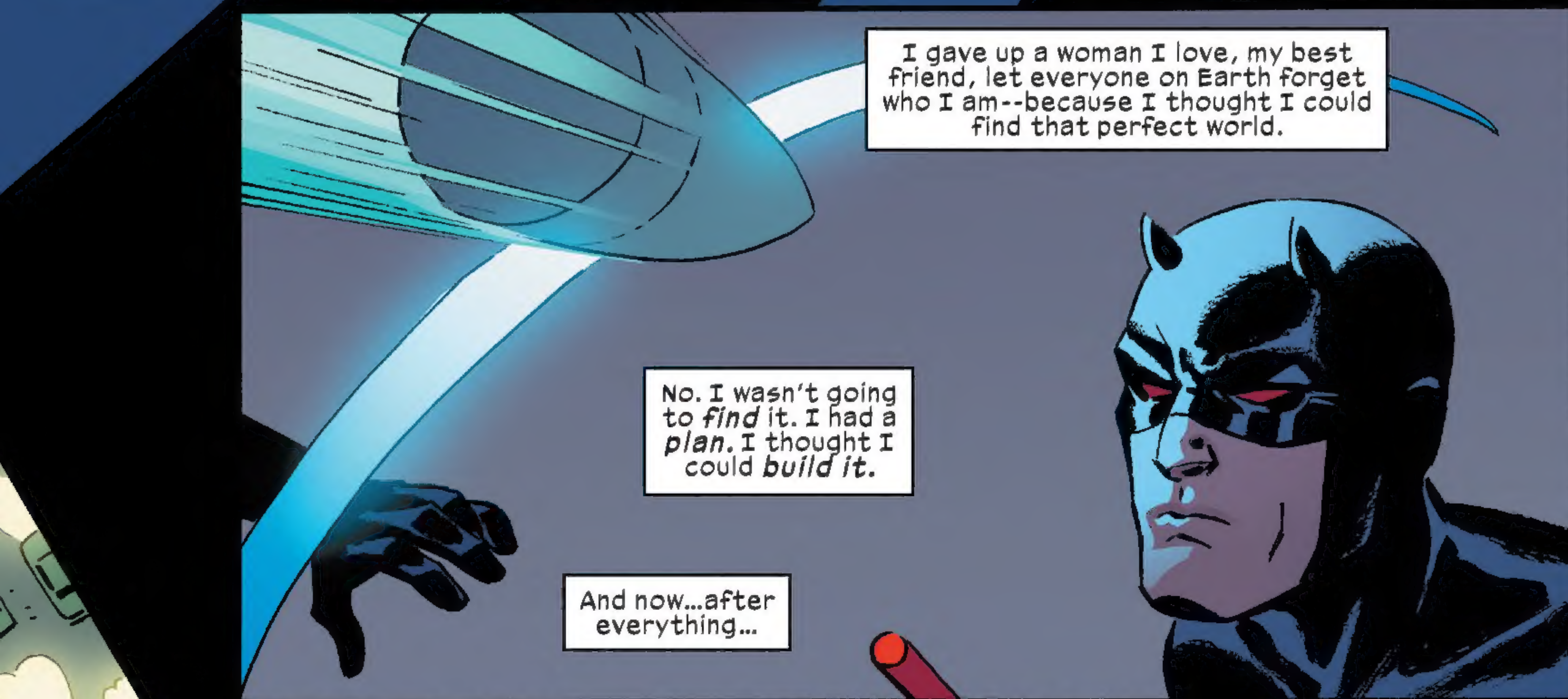
A perfect world.



I feel like I've spent my entire life looking for it. Doing what I can to find it.

Through my work as an attorney, through my work as Daredevil.

I've waded as deep into the darkness as anyone can, trying to bring a little light.




I gave up a woman I love, my best friend, let everyone on Earth forget who I am--because I thought I could find that perfect world.

No. I wasn't going to *find* it. I had a *plan*. I thought I could *build* it.

And now...after everything...





...I don't believe it exists.

It's time to be honest.

I sought out a man who has brought nothing but ruin to my life.

Bullseye killed Elektra.

Bullseye killed Karen Page.

He is the reason I turned away from the church. The purest evil I have ever seen--and I sought him out.

I didn't do that to find some damn serum.

I just want it to end.

Bullseye can give me that.

I knew this all along. I knew it.

I knew what Bullseye would offer me.

And I was tempted.









WE'RE GOOD. THEY SAW THE ERROR OF THEIR WAYS, AND SEEM PROPERLY REPENTANT.

FOUR, AND YES, I DID.

DID YOU JUST...FIGHT THEM OFF? IT SOUNDED LIKE THERE WERE THREE OF THEM.



HAVE YOU EVER HEARD OF THE *ORDO DRACONUM*?

I KNOW IT'S LATIN FOR ORDER OF THE DRAGON, BUT BEYOND THAT... NO.

IT WAS A MILITANT CATHOLIC ORDER BACK IN THE 15TH CENTURY. FOUNDED IN 1408 BY KING SIGISMUND OF HUNGARY.



BUT THE MILITANT ORDERS WERE ALL DISBANDED OR DISARMED, WEREN'T THEY?



MAYBE.  
MAYBE NOT.







You want  
me to *fight*?

Then give me  
a *reason*.

Show me something.  
Show me that this  
*endless damn battle*  
will actually leave  
the world better  
than I found it.

Show me I'm not just  
spinning my wheels,  
living through the  
same patterns over  
and over and *over*.

Make me  
a deal. Show me  
*anything*, and I'm  
yours. Forever.

Anything.

Nothing.

Nothing.

But...maybe  
that's what  
I should have  
expected. Maybe  
that's fine.

Because you  
don't make  
deals with God.



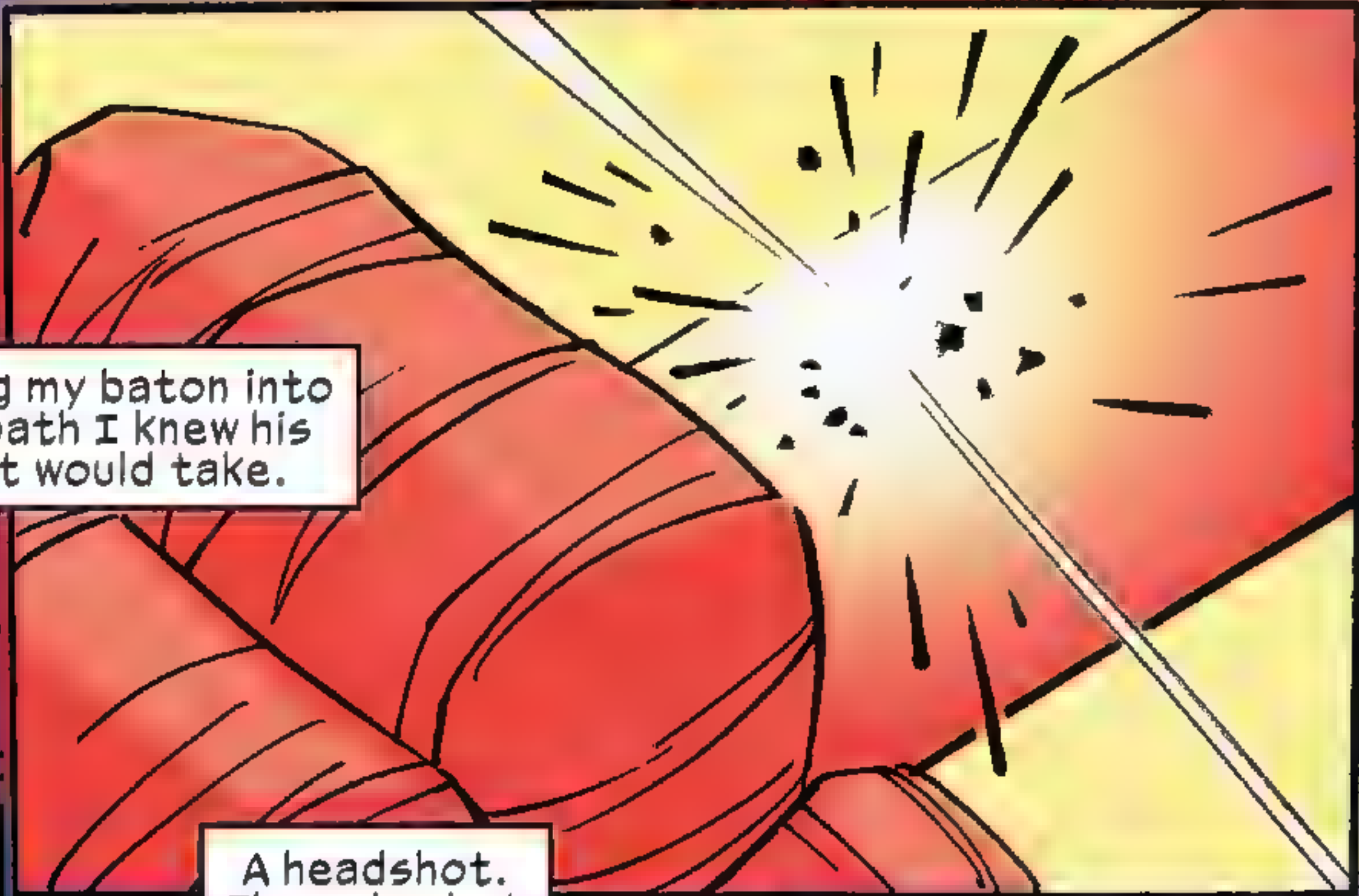
You make  
deals with  
the *devil*.





And it's then that I realize my hand was moving before Bullseye even pulled the trigger.

Lifting my baton into the path I knew his shot would take.



A headshot. The only shot he'd go for.



Deflecting it.

Just enough.



My hand was moving before he fired. It knew the truth before I did.

I was never going to lie down and die.

Maybe I was tempted--but temptation can go two ways.

You give in...






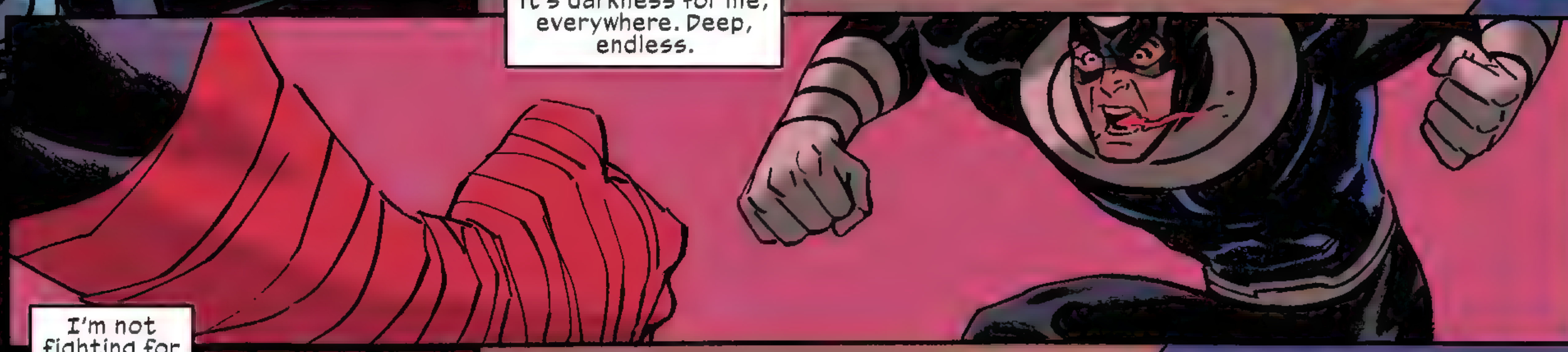
...or you  
fight it.



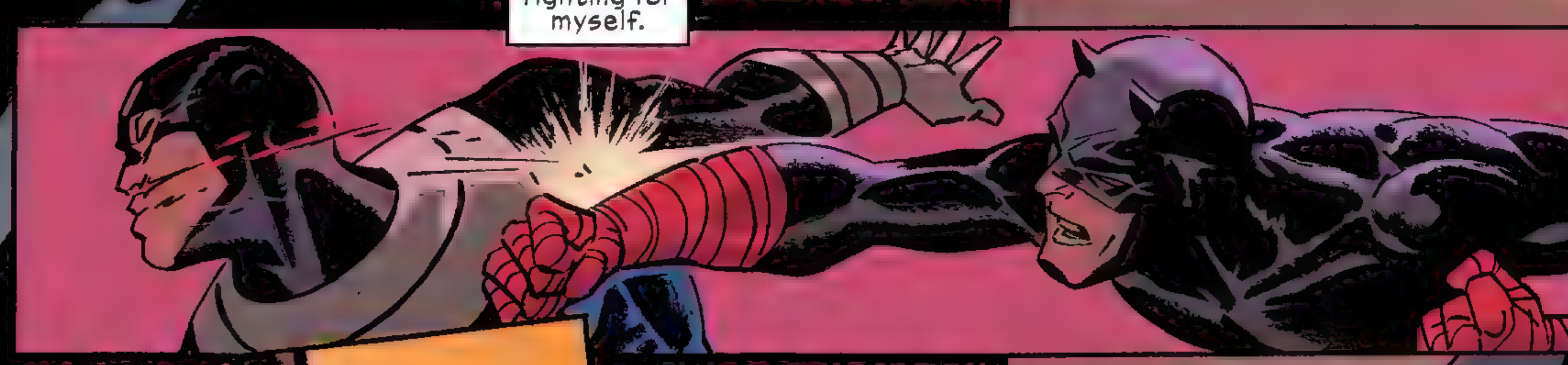
I will never  
see a perfect  
world.




I'm *blind* to it.  
It's darkness for me,  
everywhere. Deep,  
endless.




I'm not  
fighting for  
myself.



I'm fighting for  
everyone else--so  
*they* might get  
to see it.




Here is my  
offer--my deal  
with the devil.



I will fight.



Forever.



For everyone,  
whether they  
know it or not.  
Whether they  
are watching  
or not.

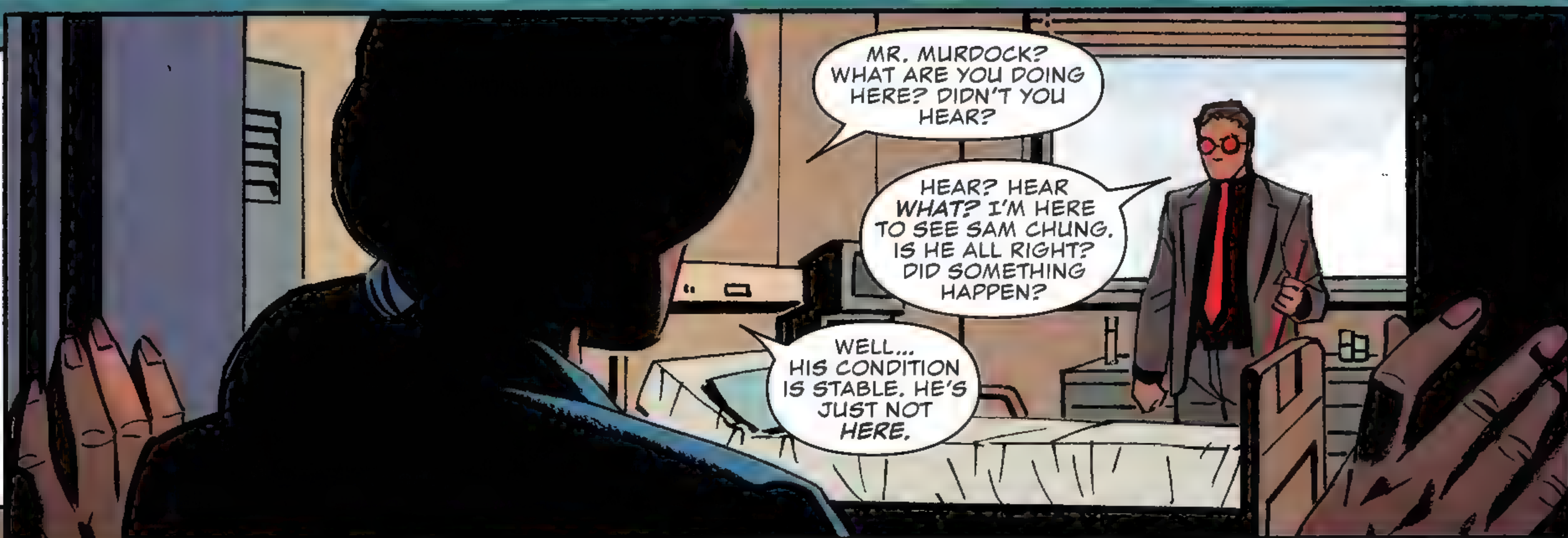


I will  
always  
fight.



# **EPILOGUE: THE SEVENTH DAY.**

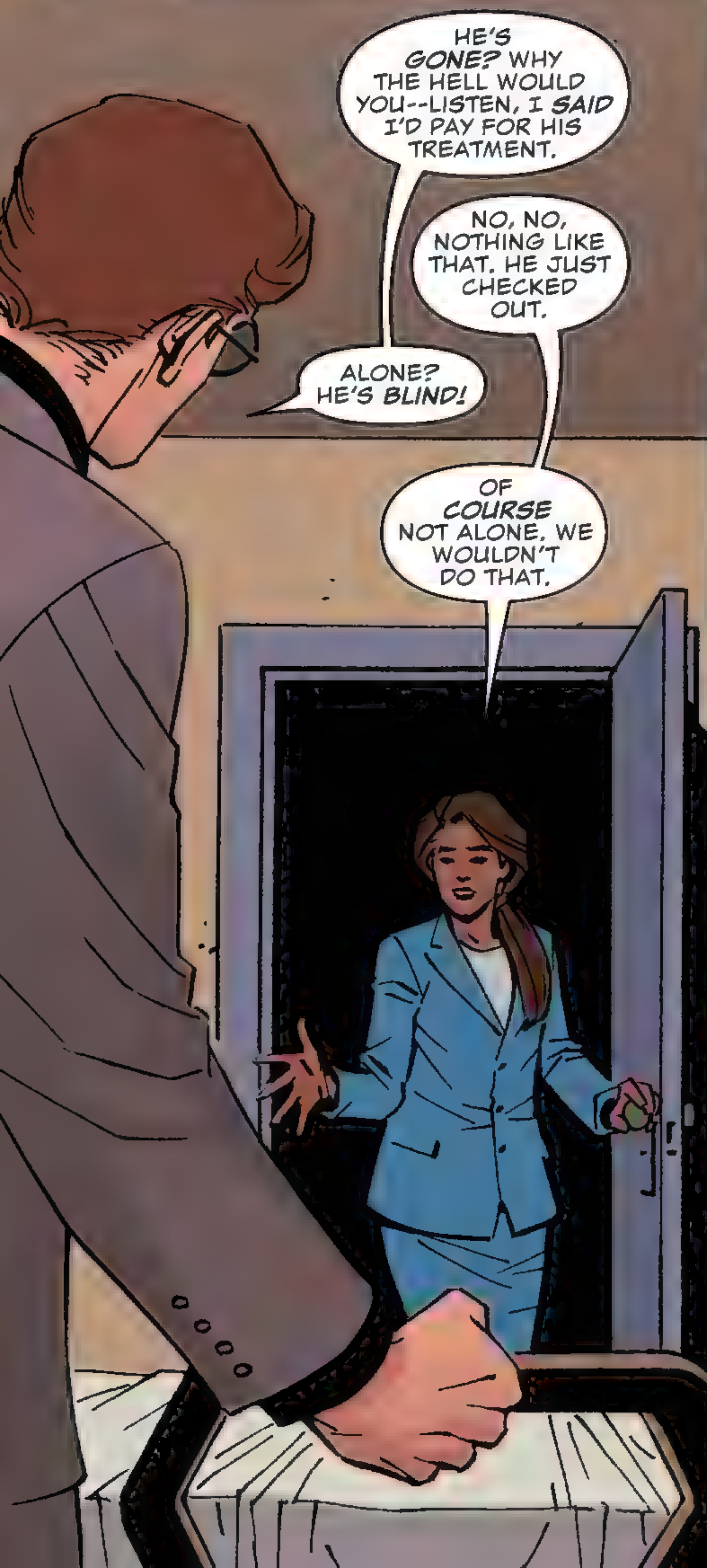
NEW YORK PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL,  
 UPPER EAST SIDE.



MR. MURDOCK?  
 WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
 HERE? DIDN'T YOU  
 HEAR?

HEAR? HEAR  
 WHAT? I'M HERE  
 TO SEE SAM CHUNG.  
 IS HE ALL RIGHT?  
 DID SOMETHING  
 HAPPEN?

WELL...  
 HIS CONDITION  
 IS STABLE. HE'S  
 JUST NOT  
 HERE.



HE'S  
 GONE? WHY  
 THE HELL WOULD  
 YOU--LISTEN, I SAID  
 I'D PAY FOR HIS  
 TREATMENT.

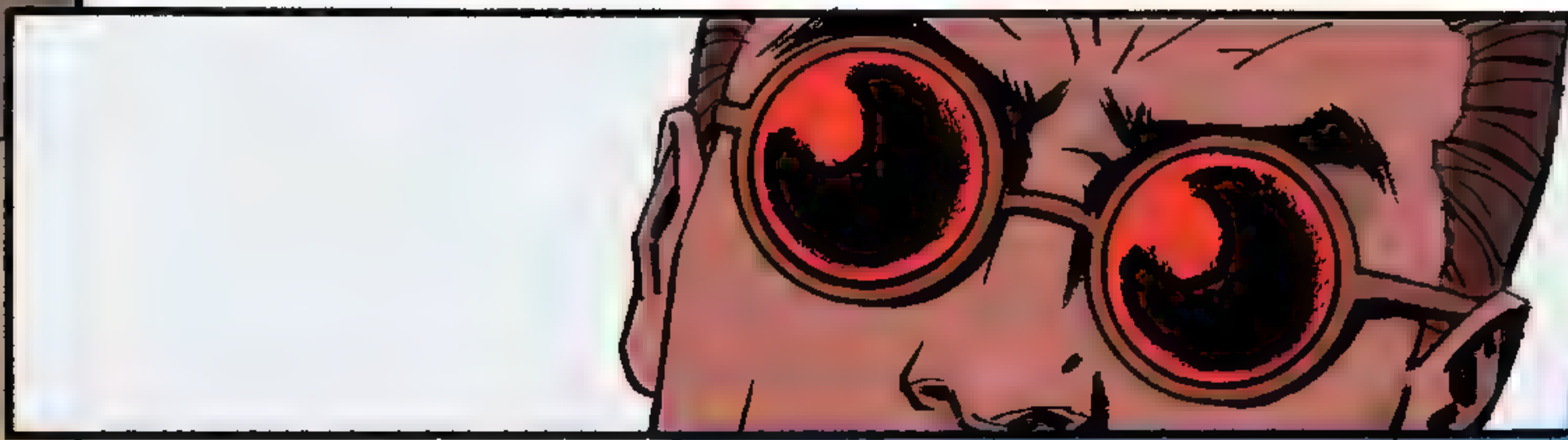
NO, NO,  
 NOTHING LIKE  
 THAT. HE JUST  
 CHECKED  
 OUT.

ALONE?  
 HE'S BLIND!

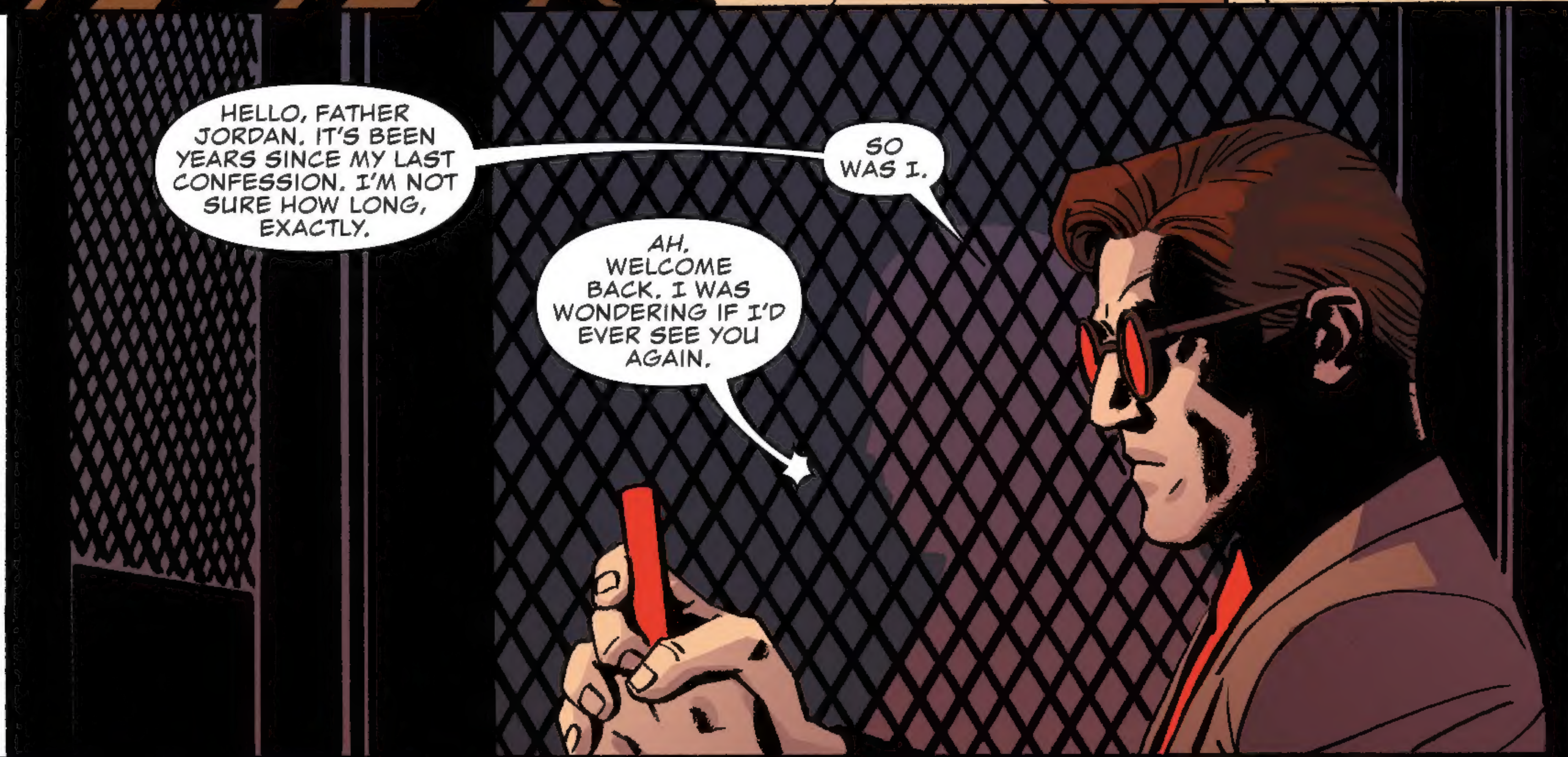
OF  
 COURSE  
 NOT ALONE. WE  
 WOULDN'T  
 DO THAT.



HIS  
 MOTHER TOOK  
 HIM.







HELLO, FATHER JORDAN, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE MY LAST CONFESSION. I'M NOT SURE HOW LONG, EXACTLY.

SO WAS I.

AH, WELCOME BACK. I WAS WONDERING IF I'D EVER SEE YOU AGAIN.



BUT I'M GLAD I'M HERE.





MY NAME  
IS MATTHEW  
MURDOCK.

I HAVE  
ANOTHER NAME.  
THAT NAME IS  
DAREDEVIL.



A  
LITTLE WHILE  
BACK, EVERYONE  
IN THE WORLD  
KNEW THAT.

NOW,  
NO ONE  
DOES.



LET'S  
TALK ABOUT HOW  
I DID THAT.

**NEXT:  
CONFESSIONS.**



**YOU WANT TO KNOW  
WHAT HAPPENS *NEXT?***



**DON'T  
MISS**

***DAREDEVIL* #17**

WRITE TO US AT [MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM](mailto:MONDOMARVEL@MARVEL.COM) AND MARK IT "OK TO PRINT."



